

Strange Affinity

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Strange Affinity

by [crystalusagi](#)

Summary

AU where Will and Hannibal have a one night stand before the start of the show--something really rough and sleazy where they don't even exchange names--so that then when Jack recruits Hannibal to look after Will and they meet for the "first" time it's like super awkward.

Hannigram tumblr prompt from [crisisoninfintefandoms](#).

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Meet you at the bar after? She'd leaned in, close to Will's ear and whispered the words to him. Pulling back, she offered him a smile and a wink, pushed her blonde hair away from her eyes, and sauntered off, leaving Will to stare at her retreating backside.

So here he is, waiting at the bar, trying to make his drink last and bargaining with himself. Just another ten minutes, and he can walk to the elevator and ride up to his hotel room. Alone. It'd be like any other night, except that tonight he wouldn't even have the companionable warmth of his dogs.

Half an hour and another two or three (or four, but who's counting?) fingers of whiskey later, Will blinks blearily across at the man who slid into the seat a few stools away from him a while back.

"Did you get stood up too?"

The man turns his head slowly and raises his eyes up from the glass of wine he holds in one hand to look at Will, and Will realizes with a start that he said those words out loud. *Shit.*

And now that he's spoken, there's no point in stopping. In the back of his mind he knows that the whiskey's relaxed him, made him looser with his words than he otherwise would be, but he can't bring himself to care very much. "No, I don't suppose someone who looks like you *would* get stood up."

The corners of the man's mouth curve upwards slightly; the wrinkles at his eyes crinkle, brown irises glittering in the dim light. "On the contrary, it appears as though the person I had come to meet will not be joining me for dinner after all."

"Oh," Will says, slightly taken aback at the way the man's deep voice, rich with amusement and an accent he can't quite place, seems to sink into his skin and stay there, reverberating. "That's unfortunate."

The man tilts his head and *looks* at Will as if he's taking all of him in—not just his appearance, but all the parts of him that he keeps hidden behind layers and layers of skin. "Is it? I find myself quite enjoying the alternative." The man nods at Will's empty glass. "What are you drinking?"

"Bourbon." He answers reflexively, and begins to shake his head when the other man lifts his hand to hail the bartender. "No, no, I don't need—"

The man's hand drops. He takes a slow sip of his wine, closing his eyes in obvious enjoyment. "It would please me to buy you a drink," he tells Will, and then, holding Will's gaze, licks his lips thoughtfully. "Possibly several drinks. Would you deny me the pleasure?"

"You don't know me." Those aren't the words Will means to say, but they slip out anyway.

"And you don't know me. Intimate knowledge is not, as far as I am aware, a pre-requisite for this."

““This,”” Will repeats, for lack of something better to say. He swallows, and unconsciously licks his own lips.

The man’s smile grows wider, like he knows he’s won. “So. A drink?”

Will slides his eyes away to stare down into his empty glass. One more wouldn’t make much of a difference now, would it? “Fine. My dad always told me to never look a gift horse in the mouth.”

The man flags the bartender and orders Will’s neat bourbon. He declines a second drink for himself (“I would like to keep all my faculties for the night”) and Will doesn’t ask him why—maybe he *knows* why. They talk about Will’s dad instead, about fixing boat motors, and the best way to prepare fish, and why a boy from Louisiana ended up in this hotel bar on a three-day weekend—all without actually revealing very many specifics about either of them. Will learns that the man used to be a surgeon and enjoys a variety of cuisine, but that is all.

In another hour he takes his last sip of the drink he’s been nursing.

“Another?” the man asks, and Will shakes his head.

“Any more, and I won’t be able to...do much.” He sucks air through his teeth and feels heat crawling up his face at the implication, but doesn’t look away when the man, now sitting on the stool next to him, shifts minutely closer and gives him another utterly charming smile.

“We can’t have that,” he says, voice low. “Let me pay the tab, and I will escort you back to your room.”

“You don’t have to,” Will protests, and he’s not sure if he’s protesting about the tab, or the walk to his room, or...something else entirely.

“Nonsense. I would feel responsible if you were to get into any trouble.”

“At a conference for law enforcement? I doubt it.”

The man’s eyebrows raise in surprised amusement at this—and Will has just a moment to attempt to dissect the reaction before he’s distracted by the hand curling around his elbow. “Nevertheless. I must insist.”

Will swallows again, pushing down his natural inclination towards flight in favor of a further exploration of the odd affinity he feels for this stranger. “Yeah. Okay.”

“It’s strange,” Will says, allowing himself to fall back onto the bed, jacket discarded on the floor, shirt already half-unbuttoned. He continues undoing the buttons one by one and watches as the man, standing near a chair by the small writing desk in Will’s cramped hotel room, slips out of his suit jacket. He’s wearing a satiny blue waist coat underneath, with a patterned tie that can only be described as *flowery*, and it should look ridiculous, too much luxurious color on one man, but he makes it work.

“Mm?” An inquisitive sound as the man tugs his tie loose.

Will lets his hands pause on the cold metal of his belt buckle. He watches as the tie comes off, draped over the back of the chair along with the jacket. “I can’t be sure whether the desire I feel is my own, or simply a reflection of your interest.”

A low chuckle as the waist coat comes off, then the crisp dress shirt underneath. The sight of the man’s chest, with curling hair a touch gray in the area closest to his collar, makes something twist in Will’s stomach, and yeah, maybe not so much a reflection after all. “Are you that empathetic?”

“*Too* empathetic.” Will can’t quite keep the hint of bitterness out of his voice.

The man regards him seriously for a second, then unbuckles his trousers and slips out of those too. His underwear follows neatly after, his cock springing out from its confines, thick and hard and curling against his belly.

“Then consider this an advantage of that empathy. A gift.”

“A gift,” Will repeats, mouth nearly watering at the sight of the man’s cock, so hard that it’s leaking at the tip. The man brings up a hand to stroke it idly, and it twitches in his grip, even as his face remains mostly impassive.

“Certainly.” He moves toward Will, a predatory glint in his eyes. “I will enjoy this very much. And so, it seems, will you.”

It’s been a while since Will’s done this with anyone, and ages since it’s been with someone of the same sex, but it’s easy to let the other man take control, to let him blithely strip Will of the rest of his clothes and climb over him. Firm hands smooth over his chest, his hips, his thighs. The man’s eyes, almost amber-colored in the soft light of the room, stares down at him with an expression at once heated and faintly curious.

“I will be remiss if I don’t ask you: are you able to consent, in this state?”

Will exhales, suddenly frustrated, because what was the point of getting drunk with a stranger if they had to actually *talk* about this? “Do I look too drunk to know what I’m doing?” he almost snarls.

A small, conceding smile. “Nevertheless, I find myself unable to continue without confirmation.”

Will glances down at their erections, mere inches from touching, and wants to snap that the other man has no foreseeable problems continuing. He glowers at him for a second, but when he feels the other man shifting, pulling away, he wraps his arms around him and tugs him closer, until they both groan from the hot slide of their cocks against one another. “Yes,” he whispers, lifting his hips to slide them against each other again, and then again. “Yes, I’m not going to wake up deciding I didn’t want it. I want it. Fuck me.” He doesn’t think he’s ever said those two words before, but they fall so easily from his lips, this man *does* something to him, or maybe it’s just the alcohol, maybe he’s *not*—

They're kissing before he can finish his thought, the other man's mouth spreading him open, tongue inside him, stroking against his tongue, along the sharp points of his teeth, the roof of his mouth, just *everywhere*.

The kisses trail down his neck to his chest. The man's teeth graze at his nipples, just enough pain to make him feel present in the moment, to rip a tiny gasp out of him. Then the man moves lower, strong hands spreading Will's thighs apart and mouth tasting and licking everywhere—the head of his cock, up and down his shaft, on and around his balls, and, *oh god* lower still, until he's *inside Will*, teasing him open with his tongue, with his fingers, too deep and too soon, but Will pushes back against him anyway, asks for more.

"So sensitive," the man muses, two fingers massaging a spot deep inside Will, watching as Will grinds against his hand and arches off the bed, cock leaking, desperate for more than he's being given. "I wonder if I can make you come, just like this."

Will makes a loud, pained sound in his chest and shakes his head, squeezes his eyes shut, cheeks hot, hand gripping his cock tight to keep from doing just that. "*No*." No no no, he needs more.

"Oh, but I think I could. If I persevere a while longer..."

"No—just fuck me."

He opens his eyes just in time to see a devious smile curling the man's lips, and then he's withdrawing his fingers. Will licks his lips and moans when he sees the condom unwrapped, rolled onto the man's thick length. Finally, finally, god.

The man leans in and rubs the head of his cock against Will's spit-slicked hole. "Are you quite sure you want me?" he asks, the *fucking tease*.

"Do you want me to beg?" Will snaps, and then lets out a broken moan when the man's smile widens, the heat in his eyes intensifying as he rubs circles into Will's thighs with his thumbs, like he has all the patience in the world.

"I believe it would please me hear you beg."

The soft whimper that slips between them, Will realizes, comes from his own mouth. "God. I'm not going to..." His resolve breaks before he even says the rest of the sentence, as soon as the man lets go of his thigh long enough to hook one thumb inside of Will, rubbing the rim of his hole from the inside and then slipping back out. "*Please*."

A deep rumbling sound in the other man's chest, and then he begins to push inside, a slow, unrelenting slide until he's seated deep inside Will. They both let out simultaneous groans. "How nice that word sounds on your lips," he murmurs. "Tell me what you want me to do."

Will tries to move up, to buck against the cock inside him, but the man's hands are on his hips now, their grip tight and unforgiving, and Will's breath stutters in his throat. "Fuck me. Please." He says it like he means it, because he does, he does want it so badly now, is

dripping pre-come, is so hot for it that his insides roil from the heat of his desire, and he nearly sobs when the other man starts to move.

The man fucks him hard and fast, thrusting inside so deeply that Will's entire body shakes and the bed creaks in protest with every movement. Will digs his fists into the bedspread and lifts his body to meet the thrusts, cries out when the angle causes the head of the man's cock to hit his prostate.

The man takes notice, and shifts to maintain the angle with each movement he makes. Shocks of pleasure surge through Will. "Tell me again," the man commands.

"Oh god, please, please," Will pants, and for once his mind shuts off, no more voices in his head, his own or anyone's else's. It's quiet except for their ragged breaths, the creaking of the bed, the wet slap of the man's body against Will's ass as they fuck. Will lets go of his control and allows himself to babble everything he wants. "Give it to me. Fuck me so hard I'll feel your cock inside the rest of the weekend. Make me take it."

Another low groan from the man above him. His thrusts become almost violent in their speed and intensity, and Will's breath catches in his throat from the force of it, from the feeling that is bordering on pain but so, so good he wants to cling to it forever, keep it with him all night. God, all weekend. He thinks about sitting down at the panel tomorrow afternoon and still feeling this beautiful man's cock stretching him wide open, and it's enough to push him over the edge. He feels his come spurt between them, all over his chest and the other man's. He moans helplessly when the man lowers himself to lay a nipping, bruising kiss on his throat and continues his unrelenting pace. Another few thrusts and the other man groans and gives one last deep thrust, then stills against Will, his face pulled into a grimace, eyes closed as he spends himself.

Will watches him as he composes himself almost instantly, eyes fluttering open, warm brown again. His smile is just as warm as the eyes, and his hands are gentle as he strokes over Will's thighs, the tops of Will's knees. He remains inside Will for a moment before reaching down and pulling away, tying the used condom off and tossing it onto the night stand by the bed. A deep breath in, and then out again, and he steps off the bed and disappears into the bathroom. He comes back with a wet wash cloth which he uses to clean them both off. Then he's gone again, into the bathroom to put the wash cloth away.

When he comes back, Will has burrowed himself under the covers. The man considers him with a small, amused smile on his lips, the same one he started the night off with. "No invitation forthcoming to remain for the night?" he asks; there's no rancor in his tone. He turns to the chair and begins to put his clothes back on.

"I don't even know your name," Will mumbles. He wonders vaguely how that silky waist coat would feel against his skin. Wonders if he could use that tie to bind the other man, tie him to the headboard in the morning and make *him* beg, for a change.

"Would you like me to tell you?"

"No." The answer comes immediately. "That isn't exactly what 'this' is."

A small nod. The man's eyes search his face for something. Will wonders if he finds it. "I will refrain from asking for yours."

Will stretches on the bed, sighing at the delicious ache that punctuates his each and every movement. He's already halfway off to sleep. "Yeah, that's probably best."

Four Weeks Later:

"I'm glad you're here," Jack Crawford says, like they've met by happy coincidence and Will isn't here because he's been practically summoned. "I'd like you to meet someone." Will follows Jack silently into his office and does not mention that he's not good at meeting people; Jack already knows this.

The man sitting with his back to the door in one of the chairs at Jack's desk has neat, light brown hair that's dusted with gray. His posture is absolutely correct as he sits, the lines of his shoulders straight and well-defined in the brushed suede jacket he wears. Not FBI, Will can tell, but there's something familiar about those shoulders, that hair, and Will's brow furrows slightly as the man turns. Then he catches the first glimpse of him in profile.

Recognition hits him like a gunshot. The shock stops him mid-step, but thankfully he regains control over his legs before Jack notices.

"Will Graham," Jack says, extending a hand out to wave in his direction and then arcing it across the space between them to indicate the man who now stood staring back at Will, warm brown eyes unblinking. "Meet Dr. Hannibal Lecter."

Dr. Hannibal Lecter takes a couple of steps closer to Will and holds out his hand. "So very pleased to finally meet you, Will," he says, only barely enunciating the syllable of Will's name in his deep voice, but Will knows, he just *knows* that the recognition is reciprocated.

He draws in a steadying breath and grasps the hand extended to him, only just managing to keep it from shaking. "Hello, Dr. Lecter."

End Notes

Yeah, this may or may not evolve into more things, because the idea of an existing sexual experience between these two as canon plays out is so alluring to me XD So possibly stay tuned?

Also, feel free to drop prompts for me to play with in my ask box on tumblr (username @crystalusagi)!

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